

it's okay to cry...

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Summary:

Richie confides in Eddie, and Eddie isn't quite sure how to handle it...
At first.

it's okay to cry...

Author's Note:

this is first fic i've written in a while, and it got pretty decent feedback on tumblr, which surprised me tbh. so i decided to move it over here! hope you guys like it <3

“You there, Rich?”

His voice came out more concerned than he wanted it to; but Eddie was always concerned about Richie. He (as well as the others) knew full well what his home life was like, and as much as Eddie tried to comfort him, Richie always seemed to be unfazed by it. He would just continue cracking jokes and acting like nothing was wrong, when there was *definitely* something wrong. It didn't surprise Eddie that he never wanted to talk about it, though. Richie was incredibly stubborn when he wanted to be, and getting him to talk about his feelings? Forget about it.

“*Yeah... Yeah, sorry,*” Richie's voice sounded on the other side finally, and Eddie breathed an inaudible sigh of relief.

“We can talk later, if you want?”

Not that Eddie wanted to stop talking to him. He didn't want to leave the other boy alone in the house with his “parents”, if he was honest. At least his own mother actually acknowledged him (albeit her being a little *too* protective)...

“*Actually... Can you meet me at the quarry? Just you?*”

Eddie hesitated for a moment, a little surprised by his request. Why did he want to meet up with just him? He glanced at the clock on the wall, then into the living room where his mother was. It was still light outside... He didn't see why not.

“Yeah, man. Absolutely,” he replied. “See you soon.” With that, he hung up the phone and went to his room to grab his fanny pack,

making sure everything was there before slowly making his way toward the door. He peeked into the living room, silently thanking God that his mother was asleep. He wasn't about to get into explaining where he was going when it was nearly sunset.

Once he was outside, he got onto his bike and rode the short distance to the quarry, all the while wondering why Richie wanted to meet him there alone. They usually only went as a group, with the rest of the group... This had to be serious. Was Richie dying? Did he have some secret disease that he'd been hiding until now? The thoughts buzzed around wildly inside Eddie's head all the way there, and it was only when he saw Richie sitting on the edge of the cliff, with his legs dangling off the side, that they silenced.

The other boy looked like a wreck, even from behind. His shoulders drooped, and his head was down, as if he'd done something he wasn't supposed to do. Eddie's expression turned soft as he approached the curly-haired brunette, leaving his bike right next to his.

Richie glanced up at Eddie as he sat down next to him, and Eddie's heart clenched at the way Richie looked at him. It was like he hadn't slept in days; there were bags under his eyes and his hands shook slightly. There was only one thing on Eddie's mind, now: Comfort him.

"You okay, Rich?" His voice was soft as he reached up to gently touch the other's shoulder. Richie seemed to flinch lightly at his touch, but Eddie kept his hand there, waiting for him to respond.

Richie was silent for a few moments, his expression unreadable, until he finally shook his head. His face scrunched as he tried to hold back tears, and Eddie felt his heart break at the other's hurt expression.

"Why don't they love me, Eds?" Richie's voice cracked as he spoke, and Eddie inhaled sharply as he tried to keep his composure. He didn't know what to say... For once, he didn't know how to console someone. He was so used to helping others and giving advice (even if it was mostly medical advice), but now.. It was as if his mind was erased. All he could tell was that Richie was hurt... Hurt enough to where he was holding back tears, and that wasn't good. He took a deep breath and finally spoke.

"Because they're giant fuck-wads who don't realize what an amazing son they have," he began, keeping his hand on Richie's shoulder as he continued, "You're annoying as fuck sometimes, but that's what I..." he trailed off suddenly, realizing how close he came to saying something very serious. "what.. we love about you," he said, swallowing thickly. His heart was racing wildly in his chest and he turned to face the other boy a little more, looking into his eyes.

"Richie, you're my best friend. You'll always be my best friend, shitty parents or not."

The silence that came after the last sentence was so deafening, Eddie could hear his heartbeat in his ears. "And... it's okay to cry, you know," Eddie added, giving him a light smile. "It doesn't make you a pussy."

With that, Richie's lip quivered a few times, and within seconds, hot tears were streaming down his face. Years of pent up emotion came flooding out all at once. Sobs racked the young boy's shoulders, and Eddie was so taken aback by it, he almost started crying himself. Richie removed his glasses, and Eddie took the opportunity to embrace the other boy, pulling him close and burying his face in his hair to try and comfort him. He couldn't believe that Richie trusted him this much... To see him this vulnerable and willing to let his emotions get the better of him. It made him angry, to think that his parents couldn't give two shits about their only son.

Richie wrapped his arms around Eddie's torso, continuing to let the tears stream down his face. He could tell that it felt good for the other to cry. Richie never let anything get to him, even his fucked up situation at home. But here he was, totally and completely comfortable with crying in front of Eddie. There was no way in hell Richie could have done this with anyone else in the group, he knew that for sure. Eddie kept his face in Richie's hair, feeling comfort in the way it smelled... so *familiar*.

His arms tightened a little more around Richie's shoulders, and he closed his eyes, releasing a heavy sigh. As far as he was concerned, he would stay there all night if it meant knowing Richie would feel better afterward.

After about fifteen minutes, a few minutes after Richie's tears had stopped, they were still locked in an embrace, but this time, they were both facing forward, watching the sun set over the trees on the opposite side of the quarry. Their hands were interlocked, and their shoulders touched. Eddie's heart was running rampant in his chest, but it felt so... right. To hold hands with Richie, to watch the sunset with him and hold him until he felt better.. He glanced over at the other boy, and a small smile graced his features as he watched the fading sunlight dance over the boy's freckles.

This was definitely right.